



Mr. William L. Gerish.
Saco,
Maine.



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Sunday.

My dear Willie,

Here it is; another Sunday, and it is a fine day. Yesterday was wild and windy, & the day before we had a little snow. Today has been very still, and the sunshine is bright. The leaves have fallen fast this past week, and now there is from the house, a good view of the hills.

Such a still day! I have sat by the window, reading a little, and looking out since I got up this morning, and now it is afternoon. I have nothing to do, and soon I think, will have nothing to think of. The weather is growing rather cold to stay out, and I do not want to tramp over these rough roads.

Willie Porter was here one evening last week, and perhaps he may

Come this afternoon. She may have gone home to see Belle, who is there with Go. I do not know how long they will stay.
Last Wednesday, Mary Eastman spent up here, and I was glad enough to see her. Only I was pretty homesick the rest of the week. Some times I think I will go to Passo for a week, and then I conclude I had better wait a little while longer.
I don't cough much now, and have a good appetite.
Uncle has been to Buffalo and Niagara. I suppose he is back again by this time.

When the wind blows up here we are all afraid of fire. There is no fire department, and when a building gets on fire there seems to be nothing to do but let it burn. This house that I am in, is a big wooden one, and Mrs. Boynton is very timid about fire.

My chamber is very pleasant
and comfortable. I believe I
am the only person who sleeps
in the Main house. I can have
all the room I want.

I go to the library every
Saturday afternoon, and get
a book or two. That helps me
a good deal, although the
books are mostly old.

I wish you could be here today.
You would like to look about
these hills, for a day at any
rate. Once in a great while
I hear a gun, and the echoes
are more than the first noise.
I am going to see if I can
borrow a geography, and study
that awhile.

Yours with much love
Mother.

